

800. THE HOUSE

The Fight in the Library.

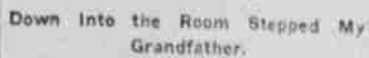
I pulled him in and we jammed a cabinet against the door and returned

He took a silk handkerchief from the
pockets of his frock coat, with a charac-
teristic flourish that I remembered
well, and brushed a bit of dust from
his sleeve before looking at me.

the way. You were perfectly willing to accept Bates' word for it; and must say that Bates carried it off

she slumbers sweet and knows
no care, her heart was tender, her
eyes were young, yet not our will, but
God's be done.

Try a sack of Blue Ribbon
Big Sandy Milling Co.



my grandfather, John Marshall Glen-
rin! His staff, his cloak, the silk hat
above his shrewd face, and his sharp,
black eyes were unmistakable. He
drew a silk handkerchief from the
skirts of his frock coat, with a charac-
teristic flourish that I remembered
well, and brushed a bit of dust from
his sleeve before looking at any of us.